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1883
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



NORMEELYON.

BY

W. F. PARKER.

FLORENCE.

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NORMEELYON

Where are those mighty men of worth,
Who, reared within an iron school,
Have shed their lustre on the earth,
And shamed full well each laughing fool?
Is Greece no more? Is Athens burned?
Is Sparta from Lycurgus turned?
Is Cato from stern virtue fled?
Has Rome now Nero for its head?
O shame on those who live in ease
And, fearing crafty men around,
Try not the mighty gods to please;
But grovel on the filthy ground!
What prize will they receive from Him
Who rules the rolling orbs above?
Their half-closed eyes are growing dim.—
They think too much of earth to love
The glorious qualities of mind!
Ah! they brave men to vice would bind,
And make such as themselves! O shame
On those who stain an honest name!
A wondrous eye beholds them all—
They little know how it can see—
And some from highest points may fall,
And baser than Iago be.

In these more modern stormy days,
 When truth by some is hated still,
 And evil men receive much praise
 And govern by a selfish will,
 And gain renown by blood and fire,
 A worthy scion of a line
 Of eminence did eke aspire
 By nobler, better means to shine;
 But he did fail, for creeping spite,
 With jealous tongue and envious scheme,
 Did seek his sinless soul to blight,
 And mar the beauty of his dream.
 Thus, to resistance he was driven—
 Then woe to those who crossed his path;
 For grandest mortals oft from Heaven
 Receive the fearful gift of wrath!—

This is the tale he did relate
 To one who sought him on his mount,
 This is the story of his fate,
 These are the facts he did recount:

It may be in my youth I strove
 To realize such dreams of worth—
 That I conceived in ferny grove—
 As are not proper on the earth;
 For envious sayings came and spread,
 Increasing daily their intent,
 And on these lies my fellows fed,
 And to them truth by winks they lent:
 The falsity of them they knew:
 They mangled truth till truth expired.
 Ah! what can truth and justice do
 When falsehood is by envy hired?

And inexperience wrought me ill;
I had no tact to so deceive
That men would deem me honest still:
Thus, social spiders fast did weave
Around my character and name
Such mazy web of filthy tales
I ne'er could reach a stainless fame;
For in the world a pariah fails—
Society, the tyrant, rules,
Society with countless lies,
Society with many fools
Who laugh while genius starves and dies!

O when for man through life you work,
Foregoing love, foregoing bliss,
And dream of Greece and Salamis,
Leonidas, Thermopylae,
And Marathon; and all the free
And glorious principles of right
Of that past age that is the light
For ours,—then feel a dirk
Thrust in your heart by those for whom
You planned and wrought and met your doom,—
My God! it is a fearful thing!
I did not feel so much the sting
Of sudden failure, but to know
That man in every age has cursed
The purest, freest souls below,
Who by their works have sought to burst
The manacles of slavery—
Ah, that is what embittered me!

Attend! I had a dream like this:
I did anticipate in youth
That man might know the perfect bliss
That doth arise from perfect truth,

And, following this string of thought
From out the maze of doubt and fear,
I dreamed that, if for man I wrought,
To men of truth I might be dear:
So all my plans were formed in one—
The vain desire of many a seer—
To do what noblest men have done,
And be the highest good I sought.
Ah, silly youth! such dreams are trite,
And men love darkness, hate the light!
Ah, vile hypocrisy so reigns
That man to seem angelic deigns!
Society is born a prude,
And man in soul, indeed, is lewd!

So, much experience made me wise:
It taught me things that I despise:
It taught me that some laws are made
To serve the lawyers that they shade:
It taught me Talleyrand could feel
The subtilty of that he spake:—
The tongue was made truth to conceal.—
Thus, from my dream I did awake
To vile reality—so vile
That life was irksome for awhile.

O! when the silence of the grave
Is mine, and I no more am here
Among mean men, as mean a slave,
To see them in their lewdness leer
On beauty clothed in purity:
Or blacken worth with calumny,
O God! how glorious will that sphere,
Where I may go, to me appear!
I must confide in things unseen—
I must believe a world serene

Is in existence in vast space
Where injured beings go apace.

O! why does vice appear like bliss?
Voluptuous is its evil kiss,
Forbidden is its soft embrace,
It is dressed in costly lace,
Diaphanous and snowy white,
And basks within a glowing light,
Concealing charms—that most allure—

Enough to make the passions rise,
And few who gaze can then endure

To think of heaven and the skies.
Ah, vice is crafty, and it knows

That in world-knowledge it is wise,
And thus it seeks the fragrant rose

And gleans from it the sweet perfume,
And wafts it through its festal court,

And does a thousand charms assume
That may enhance the carnal sport:

And gorgeous colors it doth seek,
For they seduce the warm and weak,

And thus the outer bloom of vice
Conceals a hell of fire or ice.

Some men abide in purity

And vile men and never see

The shameful lies men circulate—

The vicious plots of fiends who hate—

That draw to fatherless contempt

Good spirits that should be exempt

From venal glee and filthy name,

And noxious breath of fell disguise.

But to my tale,—and mark it well,

For naught but painful truth I tell:

I was my father's favored son,
For by my worth his love I won—
Although he loved my brother too,
But feared the power of his ire,
And argued with him to subdue

His wasteful passions and the fire
Of his impetuous temperament.
My father's will my brother's bent,

But for a season only—Time
Develops what is in the blood:—

A lurking niborn love of crime
Was in the germ or in the bud

Within my brother's soul, awaiting
The proper hour to fully bloom:

It flourished there without abating
Its inner poison, and my doom,
Departure from my home, and woes,
From his ungenerous schemes arose.

My goodly father in his prime—

When I was two-and-twenty—died,
And then began my brother's crime.

I was enjoined to so divide
Our property that much would be.
My own inheritance that he
Desired; he had his wish: I took
The humbler portion, and forsook
Some precious lands that by the will
Were mine, and so they should be still;
But, howsoe'er I tried to quell
His wish to rule and rob and sell,
I failed.

Ah, then I loved and wooed,
And won a most celestial hand—
O, such a lady! such a grand
And noble, generous soul had she!

And she had wondrous love for me,
 And killed me in my solitude,
 My brother killed that rosy hope,
 He crushed that love, he made me woe,
 O God! to think that one so near
 My heart in blood should interfere
 So treacherously and blight my life!
 He envied me in even this,
 I never knew by what vile scheme
 He won success, but much I deem
 Was due to his invidious lies;
 For calumny most swiftly flies—
 Especially when one is hated,
 As I then was and knew not why,
 Unless from first I was so fated—
 First doomed to suffer, then to die.

My curse upon the babbling throng,
 My curse upon each craven wight
 Who hurled on me such lasting wrong,
 My name with infamy to blight!
 Forever may such scathe and boil,
 Around such may vile serpents coil,
 And may such in some filthy lake
 With slimy things their food partake;
 And may they such hot horror feel
 As to discover hell is real!
 Ah, then for pity they will cry,
 Ah, then they will implore to die;
 And all their agony shall be
 Just punishment for villainy!
 I know such imprecations seem
 Ignoble to all people pure;
 But him, who lies and thieves, I deem
 A squalid fiend who should endure
 The worst that man or hell can give;

He has devised his punishment,
He is unworthy here to live—
Then let him to his hell be sent!

Man drove me from the best to worst—
I was an angel once, I ween—
But I by man have been accursed,
And I man's infamy have seen:
Ah! well it is the angel still
Has held the balance of my might,
For I have had a chance to kill,
And I have been in fearful plight;
But I have ruled the fiend within,
And my fierce passions quelled withal;
I did not wish like some to sin,
I did not wish like some to fall.

Ah, Sir, the world is fair in youth
And fraught with beauties sweet and grand,
But men, somehow, forget the truth
When in the busy world they stand,
And friends, who once could smile and praise
And favors from one's hands receive,
Can sneer like fiends in evil days,
And even Judas-like deceive.

I ask no odds of those I knew—
I loved them once—they played with me—
My heart was boundless, and as true—
They played on me hypocrisy;
But let them go,—some hope is mine,
Although ambition is no more;
I know this life is more divine
Than that I led with men before.

A proud position once I held;

My enemies clung round my light,
I like an oak was cruelly felled

Because I did what seemed the right.
Ah! envy can destroy the truth,
And lying tongues and forms uncount
Can rule the world—in awe can hold
Good men who should be wondrous bold;
But are they bold men who would fear
A crafty villain or his sneer?

I do not like to tell my woes—
Each one his own dark sorrow knows:
But some are crushed for their real worth,
And rove insulted on the earth.

I, Sir, can stand to be ignored:

An inner whisper comes to me
That tells me I shall be deplored

When men my face no longer see,
On this high mount, with belief in God,

I, Sir, live now most merrily;
And when my foes tread on the sod
Where my poor soul is laid at rest
My guileless spirit shall be blessed.

You know how friends will believe false tales,

And how one's own true story fails,

How, when they find one creeping low,

They with the lying throng will go?

Well, thus it came about with me,

And I such friends no longer see;

But I am truly happy now,

So smoothly does life flow along;

I serve no oath, no silly vow—

In truth, I think I feel no wrong;

Yet, there are times I think will burst

This bleeding heart: for my sweet wife

Was dearer to me than my life,
And, when she died, all men I cursed.
But hear, it came about this way:
It was a murky, stormy, day,
And I was cast without defense
In prison, Sir, on false pretense;
And she, at midnight through the rain,
With heart o'erflowing with such love
As may be scarce in realms above,
Sped like the reckless hurricane
To snap the power of the chain
That bound me to a martyr's stake;
But they, who kept me, rudely spake,
And threatened her pure life to take.
O! it was hell for me to hear
Their blasphemy! What could I do?
I shed in anger many a tear,
And like a very madman flew
Against the grating of my cell,
And in a swoon beneath it fell.
O! how I wept when I awoke!
I thought my very heart was broke;
The past came flying like a dream;
The present like a hell did seem;
The future—hell in its extreme!

A day or two or many sped,
And some one whispered she was dead.
I moved not, uttered not a word,
Soon loudly laughed at what I heard,
And then away my reason fled—
I had not even rage instead.
When I awoke I crawled around
Upon the cold and stony ground—
My cell beneath the earth was made.
And I on that hard marl had staid.

O! cruel and inhuman men
To hold a man in such a den,
And curse his wife to greater woe!
My God! instruct me: shall they know,
When years on years have fled along,
The hellish depth of their dark wrong?
I begged those men to let me die,
Or bring to me my little boy;
They tossed their heads in malice high,
To see me weep it gave them joy.
I cursed them from the dungeon there;
To highest hope from deep despair
My heart arose at one great bound,
And in myself a man I found.
Yet how I grieved that gloomy day:
I cared but little for myself,
I felt no fear and no dismay,
But I did want my little elf
To look upon and kiss, caress,
And share with me my wretchedness.
They laughed at me, and meaner grew;
With sullen silence I replied;
They could not tell what I would do;
Still on no mortal I relied.
I knew not where my child could be,
His lovely face I could not see;
My brain grew hot, my thoughts were wild,
I longed in anguish for my child.
O! men are brutes with men, you know,
And scourge them with most hellish woe.
Ah! thralldom, Sir, and tyranny
Live in a land that men call free;
And Law, that should each man protect,
Is even now a base defect;
But does the law of Him, who rules,
Protect forever scheming fools?

How much misfortune falls on men

From vile suspicions that arise
Like rank combustion to the skies!

They rule their whole existence then;
They paint the good man as an imp;
They make the straight man basely limp;
The rascal an adulterous face
On every honest man will trace,
And will corrupt a noble name,
And blacken deep a worthy fame;
But God above may judge such well,
And each will in hot Hades dwell.

In my position I performed

Whatever seemed upright and just;
Around me envy, malice, stormed,

And still in God I put my trust.
I did my duty and I gave,

Each happy month, as life did pass,
Means to the poor; I did not save,

I did not heavy gold amass;
But tried each day to do the right,
And sleep in comely peace each night:
But, somehow, rumor rules the world,
And good men with the bad are hurled
From high positions to the ground,
And in its filth forever bound.

I should not curse them, since 'tis done,
I have not lost, they have not won:

The world can whisper what it may,
The veil shall be removed some day.
Ah, Sir, good men may reascend
When evil souls have met their end!

Thus, with my knowledge of my past,
And with a belief in powers there,

My life may many years yet last,
I shall not yield to dark despair.
Ah! they, who once insulted me,
May meet themselves adversity.
O! how I pity him who dies
With no dear friends abiding near
To ease his struggles, close his eyes,
And mourn his loss for many a year!
Ah! many, Sir, who perish so,
Bring on themselves such ruthless woe;
For, had they lived like noble men,
In death would they alone have been?

O! long was I immured!
I can not tell what I endured;
But after months of grief and pain,
When I no longer was deemed sane,
My keepers oped my dingy cell—
They had become so amiable.
My God! my little boy was dead!
They never had revealed his fate.
I know not where my frenzy led;
I could not my despair abate;
I wandered wildly hither, thither;
I thought my very soul would wither!

I left my home, I fled the land
Where I was born, where I was bred;
My fate I did not understand;
I knew the world had something said,
I knew it had my good name blighted,
And all because my worth it knew
And feared the good that I might do.
I wept, but never for my woe,
I could not yield to sorrow so

For mine own ills—that could not be—
 I wept with untold agony
 Because most men are so benighted.
 I left my home and then, my God!
 My tears came quick and hot!
 My dog alone had not forgot;
 My dog alone remembered me;
 He came to share my misery.
 Ah, then I fell upon the sod,
 Ah, then my sobs were choked in grief,
 Ah, then my heart was almost crushed;
 My dog alone brought me relief,
 His love alone my weeping hushed.
 O Thon! who art omnipotent!
 Is this the boon from heaven sent?
 Is this the one most faithful friend,
 On whom one must for aye depend?
 Has he alone a noble soul?
 Will he alone, deprived of home,
 With joyousness partake of dole
 With his forsaken master; roam
 With him; and cling to him in death,
 And guard his lifeless form when breath
 Has ebbed away? — Avaunt, avaunt!
 Ye faithless men of selfish ease,
 And never venture here to taunt
 Me on my mountain top, and feeze
 My spirit! Grovel as ye will,
 But come not here, for I may kill
 Some ancient foe, or make him rue
 The things he did or then may do.

I wandered, —whither?—to the sea;
 My dog alone accompanied me;
 I stood upon a lofty height;
 The moon was up, and it was night—

O! such a lovely, glorious, eve!
The waves were playing on the strand,
And far away I saw some land—
Or cloud, so fashioned to deceive—
Enrobed in soft habilament,
And thither all my fervor went.
How real seemed that fantastic isle,
It made me happy for awhile;
I sat, and mused, and dreamed;
The moonbeams on the water gleamed;
The wavelets rippled far below,
And, even as I mused and thought,
I half forgot my woe!
So much I of that calmness caught
Pervading earth and sea and air,
So much I of that beauty won
That seemed to breathe and linger there.
It was more pleasant than the sun—
That calm pale moon above the ocean—
That dreamy night—that cloud afar—
The sky aglow with many a star;
I breathed to God my deep devotion!
Too soon my soul relapsed to sorrow;
Of her I loved, of her who gave
Me love, of her now in the grave,
I thought until I wept aloud;
Ah, then my head I lowly bowed!
Where should I go upon the morrow?
My God! it is a fearful feeling
To find a leaching inward stealing
For life and men and every thing,
When nothing can composure bring!
And so I felt from hour to hour
Upon that rock above the deep,
And only waited for some power
To rouse my soul and make me leap

Into the placid moon-lit sea,
Whose listlessness enchanted me.
But whither would my dog depart?
I loved that noble fellow so
That I could circumscribe my woe;
His love alone controlled my heart.

I now remember me a speech,
Unto myself addressed by me,
I made above that gentle sea
Ere I descended to the beach—
Aye! on that clifted sea-mountain dreaming,
With merry gulls around me screaming:

Arise from this degrading slumber,
O, my soul!
Art thou among that wilful number
That succumb to idle dole?

What, though appreciation tarry
In this land?
What, though thou never more shalt marry?—
Better for thy heart and hand!

Awake again, awake forever,
Conquer woe!
Leave now this slanderous clime, or never
Vindicate thy name below!

By all my power and endurance
Now I swear!
I shall achieve my own assurance—
Best or worst I now shall dare!

I left the land where I was bred—
I was by some kind spirit led.—
My only plan was to depart
For some far clime and ease my heart.
Ah! well I knew such men as I
Can find some good for which to die,
Some glorious cause that must pervade—
Although its dazzling dawn may fade—
In time to come the world throughout,
And rob men of their fear and doubt;
Ah! well I knew that martyrs must
Be heralds of some mighty good
That—when their forms are in the dust—
Shall bind in closer brotherhood
Some sect or nation, and advance
The world, and timid truth enhance;
Ah! well I knew these things, and more;
So left at last my native shore,
And eastward o'er the sea departed,
Half hopeful, yet half broken-hearted.

Of, while I mately stood surveying
The placid tide and cloudless sky,
I saw the merry dolphins playing,
And schools of bluish gliding by,
And fearless sea-birds; while no land
Was visible on either hand.
So merrily we skimmed the wave,
Our goodly vessel was so strong,
My enemies I near forgave,
And deemed I had myself been wrong.

Two days and nights through fogs we crept;
At intervals the great horn blew,

And hither, thither ran the crew;
Not one of those brave seamen slept.
I watched with them, I could not sleep,
So selfish did such action seem.

So wrong did I such coolness deem;
Thus I along with them did keep
My vigil, till one fearful night
We saw before us something bright;
You may surmise the sudden stay
Of our good ship, when in her way
A shaggy iceberg we did spy,
Whose size was lost in fog and sky.
Ah, then arose a doleful cry!
Ah, then the sailors to and fro
At cool commands in haste did go;
Then round the brave ship veered,

And every seaman held his breath,
For every man expected death:
Away, away the vessel steered!
Her iron side scraped by the ice,
Her slender prow indented twice!
To southward with tremendous speed,

With many a man within the shrouds,
And many a man our course to heed,
We sped, wrapt in those ruthless clouds.
And in the morn the golden rays—

And O how beautiful they seemed!—
Dispelled that murky, deathly haze,
And to the far horizon gleamed.

And so we roamed for many a day,—
A merry, laughing crew were we—
Till in the distance mountains gray,
And, nestled there, a placid bay

Our watchful, longing eyes did see:
Thither we sped, and all along
We filled the lucid air with song.

O, never in my life was I
 So filled with happiness and glee.
 As when I marked that scenery!
 On pinions swift I longed to fly;
 But soon enough we reached the land,
 Ah, soon enough did we disband;
 For in old sorrow come to me
 Upon that goodly ship were kind,
 And I was sad, for it might be
 Such hearts I never more should find.

Not long was I in this new land
 Ere I a noble cause embraced,
 Some famous men were in our band,
 And men of quality, disgraced,
 And exiled, — heroes of a creed,
 That teaches men to fight and bleed
 For truth, and honesty, and right,
 Against the tyrannies that blight
 The world: they welcomed me ere I,
 Convinced that in my tale no guile
 Was visible, but only truth,
 That frauder of my woe, forsooth.
 We had a flag of various hue,
 Maroon and gold and azure blue,
 And on that banner was displayed
 In golden letters: "Truth, the Power."
 And every man that truth obeyed,
 And falsehood trembled every hour,
 Ah, Tyranny received a blow
 That made it writh in mortal pain;
 For at that time it met a foe
 That would not yield: no one was slain.

I fought with comrades, now no more,
I fought upon a grassy mead,
I fought enrobed in reeking gore,
And even death I did not heed.
I did not wish to leave that place;
It was so noble to defend
My dear companions in disgrace,
And hope to their misfortunes lend.
Along our ranks the bullets flew,
A fearful cloud of smoke was there;
Our very spirits dizzy grew;
We would not yield when every-where
Along that grassy mead the dead
Were watching with imploring eyes.
O! many a generous here bled
And fell and died; while in the skies
The awful thunder of the fight
Resounded through the vales afar,
And gave our souls that fearless might
That raises men to gods in war.
Perchance you know the carnal hell
That curses battle-fields, when man,
Aroused to hate unconquerable,
To seething flames that spark doth fan
That sleeps within his soul betime,
And is the advocate of crime?
My God! I fought until the ground
Was red with my companions's blood,
And then I heard a deafening sound,
A cannonade, a frightful thud,
And near my heart there was a wound;
I fell unconscious in the mud.
And gore, and mangled forms all mingled,
While in my ears some music tingled:
I knew no more.
We lost our cause;

But gained another land's applause.
Our brave men died upon the field;
They asked no quarter, would not yield;
And none deserted, none were taken;
The dead and dying were forsaken.
O what a carnage! and I pray

The world again may never see
Such wild destruction, as that day
Imposed on mine and me!

The sun was in the central sky
When I was shot: when I awoke
I saw no sun, I saw no smoke;
My dog was lying at my breast:
My wound was slatched, and I was blessed
With such devotion, that I threw
My arms around his neck, and drew
His haggard, bloody face to mine,
And kissed it, for it looked divine;
By his affection I awoke;

I saw no sun, I saw no smoke:
I saw the moon, and, lingering by,
A pack of wolves that at once died;
And all around, the earth was red,
And bodies heaped on bodies lay,
And mangled horses, with their gray,
White, black, and sorrel tails and manes
Mixed with their trappings, saddles, reins,
And clotted. Some were riderless,

And some were covered with a mass
Of murdered men and yellow grass,
And I remarked the golden tress
Of one brave man I loved so well,
Who, with his charger, lying fell

When we first met the deathful brunt

Of our antagonists. Ah there,
In death so beautiful and fair,
Upon his horse with dignity
He leaned, and looked at me.

I saw a wolf in hunger hunt
Around him and his noble steed;

He whined and licked his frothy jaw,
And looked upon that form in awe,
Then fled across that bloody mead,
And joined his mates. Not far away
I saw a horse, a lovely bay,
Alive and beautiful that night,
Caparisoned with trimmings bright:
Beside a precious corse he stood,—
My God! I wept! as well I could;
I knew that man, I knew his name,
The bravest fellow dead to fame,
The noblest heart I ever met,
Whose worth I never shall forget.
Ah there, bathed in his blood, he slept,
And there his horse its vigil kept;
My God! it was a touching scene;—
That noble steed, the moon serene,
The hero dead upon the ground,
The wolves in hunger prowling round!

Afar do you behold that peak,
That seems the very sky to seek,
That promontory by the sea?
Well, after I had fought and bled,
And fell among the mighty dead,
Some months thereafter, one fine morn,
My dog and I went there to be
Warned by the sun, and hear the ocean

Reecho in its wild commotion,
And gather shell-fish, that adorn
The yellow beach, when lo! on high,
A frightful distance in the sky,
A man I saw; My God! so near
The precipice, I felt a tear
Steal down my cheek; although my soul
Was steeled and under my control.
He was a fool to linger there;
No native of this land would dare
To scale the rocks where he did cling.

I motioned, but he saw me not;
I ran pell-mell, and saw him spring,
And fall, and rise; and then I got
Upon a shaggy ledge or reef,
And crept along to his relief,
And up that mountain's rugged side,
Above the lashing, foaming tide.
So, upward by degrees I neared

That foolish man high in the air,
Who by one hand was clinging there,—
The other crushed and red appeared.
I looked again, I to him cried,
For downward he did swiftly slide,

Then lodge upon a rock
Five hundred feet above the sea;
And I in fancy felt the shock,

And clutched myself in agony.
Upon his countenance I gazed,
My God! it was my brother's face;
My head in horror then I raised;

I could not stir a single pace,
I could not call aloud to him;
I saw him wave his hand, and glance;
My dizzy eyes with tears were dim,
My very body in a trance;

I felt a curious mental pain;
A dreadful curse seemed in my heart;
My soul appeared filled with a bang;
At my corruption I did start.
I had been innocent, and knew
That my traducers all had lied;
But still the world to them was true,
And in their falsenoods did confide.
Alas, my brother headed them!
The many rule; I was alone:
The flow of ill I could not stem.—
What good was it to mope and groan?
I thought to see some genial ebb
Sweep my worst enemies away,
But, interlacing like a web,
They willed upon the strand to stay.

I risked my life, I saved my brother!
I knew that he had been a knave,—
But I remembered our dear mother;—
For this, in part, I went to save,
And, saving him, I went my way.
If he knew me I can not say,
For I was changed by many a year
Of melancholy and despair,
And he was overcome by fear,—
His safety was his only care.
I went my way,—my dog and I—
When in a hut, that stood near by,—
An humble home beside the sea—
I left the man that ruined me.

Go to your world, and there repeat
The hostile thoughts you hear from me,

And tell that world, if I retreat

Before its vice and villainy,
It is not fear that draws me back,
Ner want of power, for I lack
Not either; but the curse war brings
Upon good men and harmless things.
Down in that valley lives a class,

That turns the glebe and works for bread,
And never a man there sees me pass,

But in respect he bows his head.
Ye of the world have cursed them too!
Know ye what they sometime may do?
Remember France, her history,

Her Revolution, and that god,
Who, through its chaos and its sea
Of blood, to fame and glory trod;

And pale at what again may be,
If, in their fond abuse of might,
Men rouse such daring men to fight!
Now I, Normeelyon, tell you this:

Our lost THERMOPYLÆ may bring
As great and grand a SALAMIS!

If I but speak, you host will cling
To mine endeavor till the earth
Is red with blood and sick with death.

Go to your world, leave me in peace:
Some day my misery will cease.



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